CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our evening hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,—
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sails unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide, this trembling moon
Shall see us flow o'er thy surges soon;—
Saint of this green Isle, hear our prayers,
Grant us cool heavens and favourable airs;
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,—
The rapids run near, and the daylight's past.

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

Forget not the field where they perished,
The truest, the last of the brave;
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave.

Oh, could we from death once recover
These hearts, as they bounded before,
In the face of high heaven to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;—

Could the chain for an instant be riven,
Which tyranny flung round us then,—
Oh, 'tis not in man nor in heaven,
To let tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past,—and though blazon'd in story
The name of our victor may be,
Accurs'd is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumin'd by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind;
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my friend,
For auld lang syne;
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary lot
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

We twa hae paidelt in the burn,
When simmer days were prime,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And ge's a hand o' thine,
And we'll toom the cup to friendship's growth,
And auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
As sure as I'll be mine,
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

Come, follow, my Lads.

Come, follow, my lads, let's merry be;
Ding dong bell; let's merry be;
Now, now I follow thee, let's merry be!

VIC
Quadr
820
Aza
no. 7

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our evening hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,—
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sails unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide, this trembling moon
Shall see us flow o'er thy surges soon;—
Saint of this green Isle, hear our prayers,
Grant us cool breezes and favorable airs;
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,—
The rapids run near, and the daylight's past.

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

Forget not the field where they perished,
The truest, the last of the brave;
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave.

Oh, could we from death once recover
Those hearts, as they bounded before,
In the face of high heaven to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;—

Could the chain for an instant be riven,
Which tyranny flung round us then,—
Oh, 'tis not in man nor in heaven,
To let tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past,—and though blazon'd in story
The name of our victor may be,
Accurs'd is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumin'd by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind;
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my friend,
For auld lang syne;
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

We twa hae paidlt in the burn,
When simmer days were prime,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll toom the cup to friendship's
growth,
And auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
As sure as I'll be mine,
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

Come, follow, my Lads.

Come, follow, my lads, let's merry be;
Ding dong bell; let's merry be;
Now, now I follow thee, let's merry be!